

## Poetry.

## TODDLING MAY.

Five pearly teeth and a soft blue eye,  
A sinless eye of blue  
That is dim or bright, it scarce knows why,  
That, baby dear, is you;  
And parted hair of a pale, pale gold,  
That is priceless every curl,  
And a boldness shy and a fear half bold,  
Ay, that's my baby girl.

A small, small frock, as a snow-drop white,  
That is worn with a tiny pride,  
With a sash of blue, by a little sight,  
With a baby wonder eyed,  
And a pattering pair of restless shoes,  
Whose feet have a tiny fall,  
That not for the world's coined wealth we'd lose,  
That Baby May we call.

A rocker of dolls with staring eyes,  
That a thought of sleep disdain,  
That with shouts of tiny lullabies  
Are by'd and by'd in vain;  
A drawer of carts with baby noise,  
With strainings and pursed up brow,  
Whose hopes are cakes, and whose dreams are toys,  
Ay, that's my baby now.

A sinking of heart, a shuddering dread,  
Too deep for a word ora tear—  
Or a joy whose measure may not be said,  
As the future is hope or fear;  
A sunless venture, whose voyage's fate,  
We would and yet we would not know,  
Is he whom we dower with love as great  
As is perilled by hearts below.

Oh, what as her tiny laugh is dear,  
Or our days with gladness girds!  
Or what is the sound we love to hear  
Like the joy of her baby words!  
Oh, pleasure our hearts and joys our fears—  
Should be, could the future say,  
Away with sorrow—time has no tears  
For the eyes of Baby May.

## Select Tale.

## THE STOLEN NOTE.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest high minded and exemplary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober he did well.

He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift had acquired money sufficient to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before, for three thousand dollars, paying one thousand down, and securing the balance by a mortgage to the seller.

The mortgage-note was almost due at the time the circumstances made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money; there seemed no possibility of an accident.

I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some little collecting, and drawn up some legal documents for him.

One day his daughter Anne came into my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.

"Perhaps not, Miss Wallace," I said, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a brighter aspect. "What has happened?"

"My father," she replied, "had the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live—but it is all gone now."

"Has he lost it?"

"I don't know; I suppose so. Last week he drew out the two thousand dollars from the bank, and lent it to Mr. Bryce for ten days."

"Who is Mr. Bryce?"

"He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boarded with us, and who is Mr. Bryce's clerk."

"Does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it?"

"He says he has paid it."

"Well, what is the trouble, then?"

"Father says he has not paid it."

"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has not paid it. Of course you have that note?"

"No; Mr. Bryce has it."

"Then of course he has paid it."

"I suppose he has, or he could not have had the note."

"What does your father say?"

"He is positive that he never received the money. The mortgage, he says, must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular! Was your father——"

I hesitated to use the unpleasant words, which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl.

"Mr. Bryce says my father was not just right when he paid him, though not very bad."

"I will see your father."

"He is coming here in a few moments; I thought I would see you and tell you the facts before he came."

"I do not see how Bryce could have obtained the note, unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it?"

"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary in the front room."

"Who were in the room when you put it in the secretary?"

"Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father and myself."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as of the debauch from which he was just recovering.

"She has told you about it, I suppose," said he in a very low tone.

"She has."

I pitied him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo to appreciate it.

"What do you think about it?" asked he very gloomily. "I know he never paid me. I was not much in liquor at that time. I remember very well of going home as regularly as I ever did in my life. I could tell how I passed the time."

"What passed between you on that day?"

"Well, I merely stepped into his office—it was only day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money ready for me by to-morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office, when I heard him send George out to the bank to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it?"

"He says Mr. Bryce remarked, when he sent him, that he was going to pay me the money."

"Just so."

"And when George came in, he went to the front office again, and took the money. Then he came to me again, but did not offer to pay me the money."

"Had you the note with you?"

"No; now I remember, he said he supposed I had not the note with me, or he would pay it. He told me to come in the next day and he would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note it could not be found. Anne and I have hunted the house all over."

"You told Bryce so?"

"I did; he laughed and showed me the note with his signature crossed over with ink, and a hole punched through it."

"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money, as he alleges, or he has fraudulent possession of the note, and intends to cheat you out of the amount."

"He never paid me," replied he, firmly.

"Then he has fraudulently obtained the note. What sort of a person is this Chandler, who boards with you?"

"A fine young man. Bless you, he would not do anything of the kind."

"I am sure he would not," repeated Anne, earnestly.

"How else could Bryce obtain the note but through him?" What time does he come in at night?"

"Always at tea time. He never goes out in the evening," answered Wallace.

"But, father, he did not come home till ten o'clock the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay in the office to post the books, or something of that kind."

"How did he get in?"

"He has a night key."

"I must see Chandler," I said.

"No harm in seeing him," added Mr. Wallace, "I will go for him."

In a few minutes he returned with the young man. Chandler, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professed himself ready to do anything to forward my views.

"When did you return to the house on Tuesday night?" I asked him, with the intention of sounding him a little.

"About twelve."

"Twelve!" said Anne, "it was not more than ten; I heard you."

"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler positively.

"I certainly heard some one in the front room

at ten," added Anne, looking with astonishment at the group around her.

"We are getting at something," I remarked.—"How did you get in, Mr. Chandler?"

The young man smiled as he glanced at Anne.

"On arriving at the door," he replied, "I found that I had lost my night key. At that moment a watchman happening along, I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way."

"Good! Now, who was it that was heard in the parlor at ten, unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices. He must have taken the key from your pocket, Mr. Chandler, and stolen the note from the Secretary. At any rate I will charge him with the crime—let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess, when hard pushed."

Acting upon this thought, I wrote a lawyer's letter—"demand against you," &c.—which was immediately sent to Bryce. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them.

Bryce came.

"Well, sir, what have you against me?" he asked, rather stiffly.

"A claim on the part of John Wallace, for two thousand dollars," I replied, poking over my papers and appearing supremely indifferent.

"Paid it," said he short as pie crust.

"Have you?" and I looked him in the eye sharply.

The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.

"Nevertheless, if within an hour, you do not hand me the two thousand dollars, and one hundred dollars for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour you shall be lodged in jail to answer to a criminal charge."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean what I say. Pay or take the consequences."

It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man, I should not have dared to make it.

"I have paid the note, I tell you," said he, I have the note in my possession."

"Where did you get it?"

"I got it of course, when I paid the——"

"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on the night of Tuesday, February twenty, at ten o'clock, and took the said note from the secretary."

"You have no proof," stammered he, grasping a chair for support.

"That is my look out. I have no time to waste. Will you pay, or go to jail?"

He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for his denial, and he immediately drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars; and after begging me not to mention the affair, he sneaked off.

I cashed the check, and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, how rejoiced was Anne and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take the one hundred dollars for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to take only twenty. Wallace kept his promise, and ever after was a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Anne having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstance occurred.

## Miscellaneous.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.—The London Illustrated News alludes to the spring fashion:

"The new spring fashions have determined beyond a doubt that green and lilac are to be the prevailing colors of the season for out-door costume. Several bonnets have been made of tulle bouillonne, with narrow bias folds of green or lilac silk. Between each bouillonne there is a double fold of silk, of graduated shades of color. Green and lilac are the hues most effective for trimming bonnets of the style just mentioned. They should be ornamented at each side by a bouquet of flowers, or a feather of blues corresponding with those employed for the trimming. *Bouillon d'or* and mallow color are also very fashionable hues for trimming bonnets.

An extremely elegant bonnet has been made of terry velvet, of a very light shade of lilac, or more properly, of peach-blossom. The front, which is rather open, is edged with a fall of white blonde turned back and in the inside of the front there is a narrow row of black blonde, falling downward. On each side of crown there is a small bouquet of white marabouts, tipped with lilac. The inside trimming consists of a ruche of white blonde, with bouquets of shaded violet and strips of marabout.

Another much admired bonnet is of white silk, edged round the front with shaded folds of green crape. At the lower part of the crown there is a

broader fold of shaded green crape, edged at each side by a ruche of white tulle. At one side of the bonnet there is a cozoar head, terminated by a plume of white feathers tipped with variegated lues.—The under trimming consists of bouquets of hawthorn, and a very full ruche of white tulle. The strings are of broad white sarcenet ribbon, edged with green.

Velvet cloaks of small size are at present very generally worn, and they form an appropriate intermediary wrap between the warm winter cloak and the summer mantlet. Large cashmere shawls are, as usual, much in favor at the present season. Many novel and elegant designs in cashmere shawls have lately appeared. The small velvet cloaks are mostly of the circular form. Some are edged with one or two rows of black lace, and others with very broad silk fringe.

The principal changes in the make of dresses is perceptible in the sleeves. The pagodas, which have been for some time past superseded by other forms, are now beginning to recover fashionable favor. Pagodas, puffs, and the Greek style, may now be said to be all equally fashionable.

It has been mentioned that basques are not likely to be so generally worn as they have heretofore been. But this is a mistake. Scarcely any dresses, except those intended exclusively for a ball or evening costume, are made without basques. They are of various shapes, and they present great diversity in the materials employed for trimming. Some are long, others short; some are cut out in scallops and are castellated at the edge. Fringe is a very favorite trimming, so also is passementerie, of which a new kind has been introduced for the purpose, consisting of round tufts of silk. The effect of this new trimming is at once novel and pretty. When lace is employed for trimming a basque, it may either be set on nearly plain or very full. Narrow frills or ruches of silk form an appropriate trimming for the basque, when it corresponds with the style of trimming on the skirt of the dress.

The most fashionable riding-habits are of black or dark blue cloth. The newest style of corsage for riding-habits is without a basque, and the sleeves are made very wide at the ends. The collar and turned up cuffs should be of the lawn or cambric, finished with broad hems and a double row of hem-stitch. The hat should be of black felt slightly turned up at each side with a black plume waving towards the back of the head. A small *caravache* with an amber handle completes the costume.—*London Illustrated News*.

THE RISE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.—Every paper one takes up is full of stories and sketches, more or less apocryphal, of this great "Hebrew-Caucasian" family, as Mr. Disraeli would call them; but I do not remember seeing it noticed that their ascent in the financial scale grew out of events connected with the American Revolutionary War. All agree that the first impulse given to the fortunes of the elder Rothschild was by the elector of Hesse Cassel, who intrusted a very large sum to the safe keeping of the Frankfort banker when the French Revolutionary armies were approaching the Rhine. The fact of a German prince having so much spare "cash on hand" would seem apocryphal if related of any other than of this Elector. From the year 1776 to 1784 he received from the British government about three millions sterling, for hire of the well-known "Hessians" who figured in our revolutionary history. Frederic the Great's opinion of this transaction was amusingly shown by his demanding of any of these stipendiary troops who passed through his dominions the same toll that was paid for animals. "They are sold," said he, "like sheep or oxen, and they must pay the same." It is certain that but for the British subsidies the Elector of Hesse would have been as poor as his brother princes, and the fame of the Rothschilds might have been confined to the Frankfort Ghetto, so curiously connected are events in this world.—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND LORD RAGLAN.—A touching instance of the Iron Duke's delicacy of feeling, which he usually concealed under a severe and stoical bearing, is related in a sketch of Lord Raglan. When the battle of Waterloo was over, he (Lord R.) wrote a few lines to his newly-married wife to say that they were all safe. A few minutes after a stray shot shattered his right elbow, so that amputation was necessary. While lying confined by his wound, his chief anxiety was the fear that his loss might unfit him for the continuance of his office of Military Secretary to the Duke. Among the staff officers at the time was Sir Felton Hervey (the first husband of Miss Caton of Baltimore, the present Duchess of Leeds.) He had sustained the loss of his right arm—a circumstance which has become almost historical from the gallant trait recorded of a French officer at the battle of Salamanca, who raised his sword to cut him down,